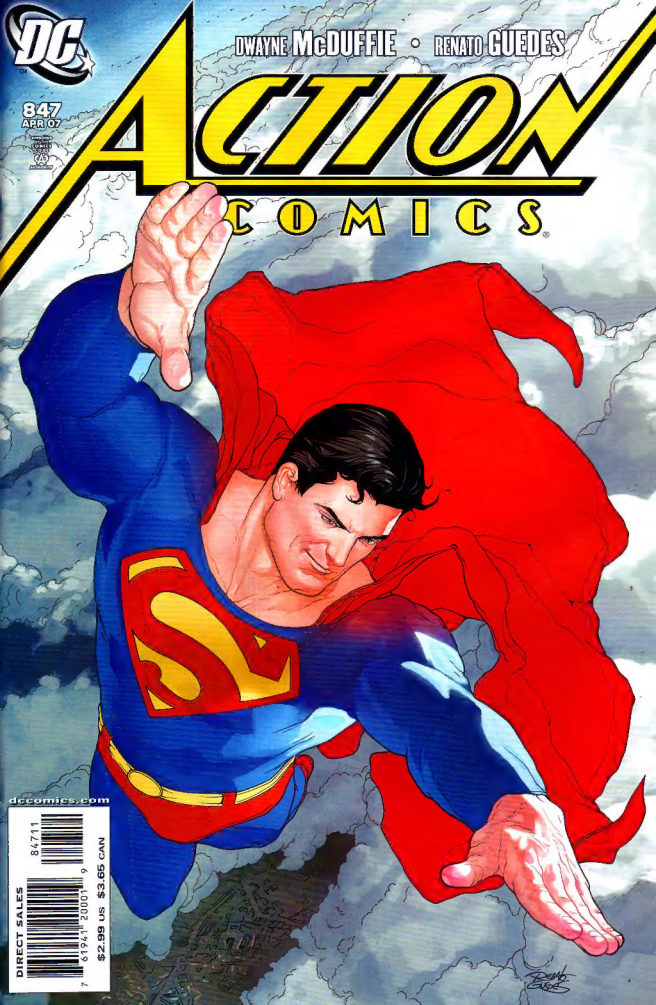
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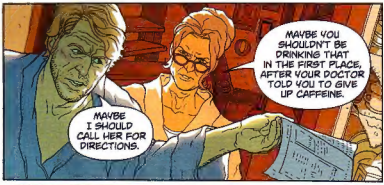
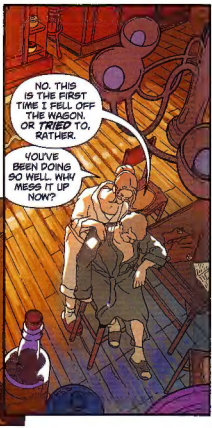
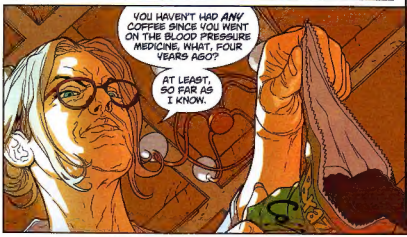
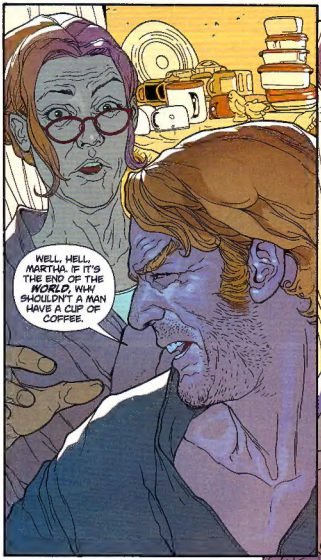
PIECE OF CRAP MACHINE!
THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE EASIER?
"WATER FILTER"? IS THAT DIFFERENT FROM THE COFFEE FILTER OR--
JONATHAN KENT!
WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING, SNEAKING AROUND IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT?
OOPS.
I'M MAKING COFFEE. OR TRYING TO. WHEN DID WE GET THIS MONSTROSITY?
FROM LOIS, LAST CHRISTMAS.


MAYBE I SHOULD CALL HER FOR DIRECTIONS.
MAYBE YOU SHOULDN'T BE DRINKING THAT IN THE FIRST PLACE, AFTER YOUR DOCTOR TOLD YOU TO GIVE UP CAFFEINE.

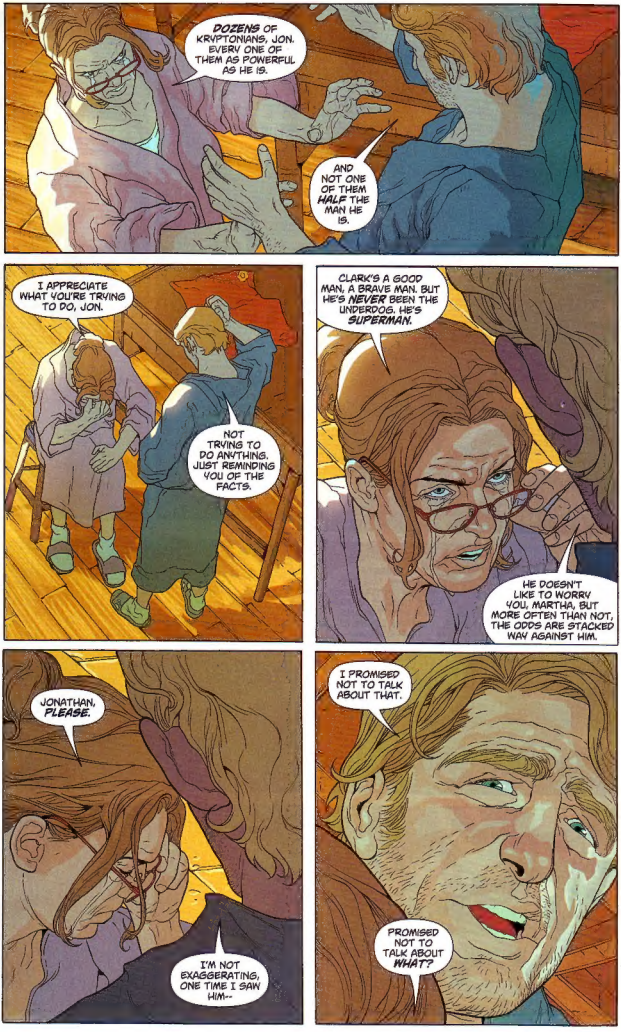

NO. THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I FELL OFF THE WAGON. OR *TRIED* TO, RATHER.
YOU'VE BEEN DOING SO WELL. WHY MESS IT UP NOW?


YOU HAVEN'T HAD *ANY* COFFEE SINCE YOU WENT ON THE BLOOD PRESSURE MEDICINE, WHAT, FOUR YEARS AGO?
AT LEAST, SO FAR AS I KNOW.


WELL, HELL, MARTHA. IF IT'S THE END OF THE *WORLD*, WHY SHOULDN'T A MAN HAVE A CUP OF COFFEE.

WHILE I'M AT IT, SCREW THE CHOLESTEROL, TOO. IS THERE ANY PRIME RIB IN THE FREEZER?
IF THERE IS, I'M EATING IT.
AND ICE CREAM! WHERE DO YOU HIDE YOUR STASH?

MARTHA...?
DON'T. DON'T CRY.
BUT YOU'RE RIGHT. IT *IS* THE END OF THE WORLD.
I'M JUST *STRESSED*. WE DON'T KNOW THE DETAILS--
WHAT DO WE *NEED* TO KNOW?
CLARK'S MISSING. THEY'RE SAYING ON THE NEWS THAT THERE'S AN ARMY OF KRYPTONIANS ON THE LOOSE IN METROPOLIS.
CLARK'S BEEN MISSING BEFORE. OUR BOY CAN TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF.


DOZENS OF KRYPTONIANS, JON. EVERY ONE OF THEM AS POWERFUL AS HE IS.
AND NOT ONE OF THEM HALF THE MAN HE IS.
I APPRECIATE WHAT YOU'RE TRYING TO DO, JON.
NOT TRYING TO DO ANYTHING. JUST REMINDING YOU OF THE FACTS.
CLARK'S A GOOD MAN. A BRAVE MAN. BUT HE'S NEVER BEEN THE UNDERDOG. HE'S SUPERMAN.
HE DOESN'T LIKE TO WORRY YOU, MARTHA, BUT MORE OFTEN THAN NOT, THE ODDS ARE STACKED WAY AGAINST HIM.
JONATHAN, PLEASE.
I'M NOT EXAGGERATING, ONE TIME I SAW HIM--
I PROMISED NOT TO TALK ABOUT THAT.
PROMISED NOT TO TALK ABOUT WHAT?

THIS IS GOING TO TAKE A WHILE. IF I PASS ON THE COFFEE, CAN I AT LEAST HAVE A CUP OF HOT CHOCOLATE?
THERE'S CAFFEINE IN CHOCOLATE.
YEAH, BUT ONLY A LITTLE BIT.
AT LEAST I STILL KNOW HOW TO BOIL WATER...
I SUPPOSE ASKING FOR WHIPPED CREAM WOULD BE PUSHING IT.
STOP STALLING.
OKAY, BUT I'M BREAKING A SACRED TRUST HERE.
"REMEMBER LAST FALL? WHEN CLARK GOT IT INTO HIS HEAD TO TAKE ME ICE FISHING?..."
WHATEVER YOU DO, DON'T TELL YOUR MOTHER WHERE WE'RE REALLY GOING. SHE'LL HAVE A CORONARY.

I'M NOT VERY COMFORTABLE LYING TO MA.
GOOD BOY. JUST KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT.
THIS IS PLENTY FAR ENOUGH. WE'LL LEAVE THE TRUCK HERE.
HOW ARE WE GETTING WHERE WE'RE GOING?
YOU SURE I'M WEARING ENOUGH? IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE PRETTY COLD UP THERE.
VERY FUNNY, PA.
I CHECKED AT WEATHER.GOV. IT'S ONLY SIX BELOW TODAY.
AWWW, I'M MORE CONCERNED WITH PROTECTING YOU FROM FRICTION DURING THE FLIGHT. I'M GOING TO BE GOING PRETTY FAST.

INTERMEZZO

Dwayne McDuffie-Writer
Renato Guedes-Art and Color
Travis Lanham-Letterer
Matt Idelson-Executive Editor
Nick Napolitano-Editor

Superman Created by Jerry Siegel and Joe Shuster

SO WHAT DO YOU THINK?
BEATS ALL HECK OUT OF THAT TREEHOUSE ME MADE WHEN YOU WERE EIGHT. I'LL SAY THAT MUCH.
HOW'D YOU DO ALL THIS?
REMEMBER THE SUNSTONE? IT PRETTY MUCH DID IT ALL.
LUCKY FOR ME THIS PLACE CAME WITH A PRETTY GOOD INSTRUCTION MANUAL.
WHOOSH

SHHH
SHHH
SHHH
SHHH
SHHH
SHHH
SHHH
WHAT'S THAT SUPPOSED TO BE?
IT'S OUR RIDE. CLIMB IN.
I DON'T KNOW...
YOU'RE THE ONE WHO ASKED ME TO TAKE YOU INTO SPACE.

I'VE HAD STUPID DREAMS BEFORE. THIS COULD BE ANOTHER ONE OF THEM.
SIT TIGHT. YOU'RE GOING TO LOVE THIS.
CHUNF
WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
I'LL BE RIGHT BACK.
I'VE LEARNED IT'S A BAD IDEA TO USE A STAR DRIVE IN EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE.

SO I'M GOING TO GIVE US A LITTLE--WARP-- BOOST INTO ORBIT.
THE SHIP PICKS UP MY SUBVOCALIZATIONS AND USES THE SUNSTONE'S HARMONICS TO BROADCAST THEM THROUGH THE COCKPIT.
HOW'S THAT WORK?
SON?
YES.
YOU'VE GOT SUPER SENSES, SO I GET HOW YOU CAN HEAR ME. BUT HOW CAN I HEAR YOU?
NO IDEA, REALLY.
WE'RE FAR ENOUGH AWAY TO USE THE STAR DRIVE. I'M COMING IN.
GET READY, PA--

--THIS IS GOING TO BE PRETTY COOL.
WILL TALKING DISTURB YOU?
NOPE. THIS THING PRETTY MUCH FLIES ITSELF. ANYWAY, TALKING'S WHAT THIS TRIP IS ABOUT.
JUST WANTED TO THANK YOU.
PA, YOU DON'T HAVE TO--
WHEN I WAS A BOY, LOOKING UP AT THE NIGHT SKY THROUGH A TWELVE-DOLLAR, CARDBOARD TELESCOPE, I USED TO DREAM ABOUT GOING TO SPACE.
AND YOU MADE MY DREAM COME TRUE.
I THINK YOU'LL LIKE WHERE WE'RE GOING.
ACTUALLY, WHERE WE'VE GONE. SHORTER TRIP THAN I THOUGHT.
KELLS TRANSPARENT TO HUMAN VISUAL SPECTRUM E.M.

WE'RE IN OPHIUCHUS. THAT'S THE--
KEPLER SUPERNOVA.
IT WAS EITHER GO HERE, OR TO SEE BRAHE'S IN CASSIOPEIA. I THINK THIS ONE'S PRETTIER.
PLUS, THERE ARE SEVERAL INHABITED PLANETS IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD. SPACE TRAVELERS, LISTEN...
SCAN LOCAL ANSIBLE FREQUENCIES.
>Squeee!...STENT SOLAR FLARES ARE WELL OUTSIDE SAFETY LEVELS, SO TRAVELERS ARE ADVISED TO AVOI--
... RUNNING ABOUT TWO WEEKS BEHIND SCHEDULE. SO I'M GOING TO MISS OUR DAUGHTER'S (UNTRANSLATABLE), SORRY...

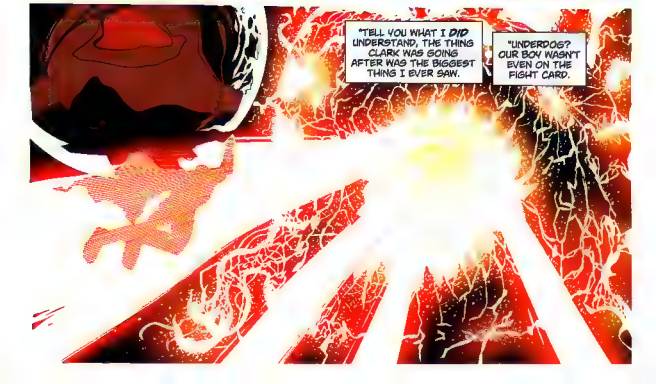
HOW CAN WE UNDERSTAND WHAT THEY'RE SAYING?
THE SHIP TRANSLATES IT FOR US.
THAT'S... CONVENIENT
HANG ON, PA..
MAYDAY! MAYDAY!
THE PLAN IS FAILING. THE ESCORT ARMADA IS BEING DESTROYED...
THE EXPERIMENTAL SHIELDING DOES NOT WORK. REPEAT, SHIELDING IS NO DEFENSE AGAINST THE SUN-EATER!
DAMN
SON ?
HARDEN ALL DEFENSES. TAKE US TO THE SHIP BROADCASTING THE MAYDAY.
WHAT'S GOING ON, CLARK?

THE LOCAL STAR SYSTEMS ARE UNDER ATTACK BY A SUN-EATER.
IT'S THE SIZE OF A NEBULA. IT CONSUMES ENTIRE SUNS. IF IT GETS TO THOSE PEOPLE'S STAR SYSTEMS, THEY'LL ALL DIE. TRILLIONS OF THEM.
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?
STOP IT.
YOU'VE RUN UP AGAINST THESE THINGS BEFORE, THEN? YOU KNOW HOW TO BEAT IT?
TO BE HONEST, LAST TIME I HAD A LOT OF HELP.
AND IT WAS *STILL* MOSTLY LUCK.
SHIP: COMMAND AND CONTROL TO JONATHAN KENT. IF I DON'T RETURN IN THREE HOURS, TAKE HIM HOME.

THE REST OF THE FLEET HAS BEEN DESTROYED, OR HAS RETREATED.
I'M APPROACHING THE SUN-EATER, ATTEMPTING TO USE THE DEBRIS FIELD AS COVER. IF I CAN GET CLOSE ENOUGH, THERE'S STILL A CHANCE--
IT FOUND ME! I'M HIT! SYSTEMS ARE FAILING. INTERNAL TEMPERATURE RISING FAST.
HULL INTEGRITY COMPROMISED...
I'M SORRY. I FAILED. SO SORRY...
WHAT..?

I...CAN... HOLD THIS... OFF...FOR A WHILE. WHAT'S...THE PLAN?
!
MY PAYLOAD IS AN ENTROPY BOMB. DETONATED INSIDE THE SUN-EATER, IT SHOULD DESTROY IT. BUT MY SHIP'S DAMAGED. IT WON'T FLY.
GIVE IT TO ME.
WHAT?
I'LL GET THE BOMB TO THE TARGET GIVE IT TO ME.
"NOW, I WAS LIGHT-YEARS AWAY..."
...BUT SOMEHOW CLARK'S SHIP LET ME SEE AND HEAR THE WHOLE THING.
OH, MY.
SEE, THAT'S WHY I WASN'T SUPPOSED TO TELL YOU ABOUT IT.
THAT AND THE LYING TO YOU ABOUT GOING FISHING PART.

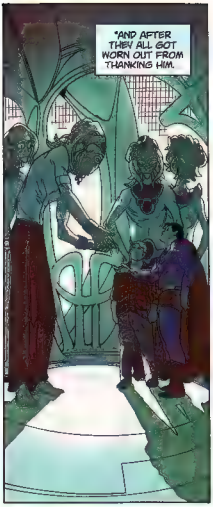
"YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN HIM, MARTHA. THE THING COULDN'T LAY A GLOVE ON HIM, AT FIRST.
"BUT THEN IT LOOKED LIKE HE WAS GETTING TIRED."
AHHH!
"I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND THAT HE WAS PROTECTING THE BOMB.
"AND I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT IT COST HIM. THOSE BLASTS WERE FULL OF RED SUN RADIATION."
NNNGGG!
"THE PAIN MUST HAVE BEEN UNBEARABLE.

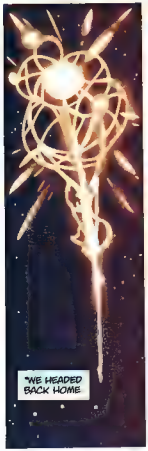

"TELL YOU WHAT I DID UNDERSTAND, THE THING CLARK WAS GOING AFTER WAS THE BIGGEST THING I EVER SAW.
"UNDERDOG? OUR BOY WASN'T EVEN ON THE FIGHT CARD.

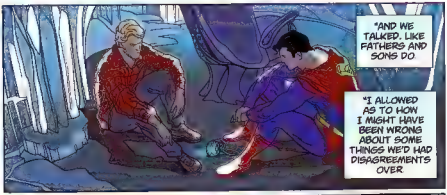
"BUT SOMEHOW HE DID IT. HE GOT PAST THE RAY BEAMS AND INSIDE THAT THING
"THE RADIATION INSIDE WAS HORRENDOUS. HIS POWERS WERE EVAPORATING LIKE MORNING DEW.
"BUT HE NEVER QUIT. HE PERSEVERED.
"THE EXPLOSION WAS ABOUT FIFTY TIMES THE SIZE OF KEPLER'S SUPERNOVA.
"THE ELECTROMAGNETIC SHOCK WAVE CAME RUSHING TOWARDS CLARK AT THE SPEED OF LIGHT.
"RIGHT BEHIND IT WAS AN EXPANDING BALL OF RADIATION THAT WOULD HAVE INCINERATED CLARK AS SOON AS IT TOUCHED HIM.

"I DON'T KNOW IF THE BOY'S USUALLY FASTER THAN LIGHT, BUT THAT DAY HE WAS TIRED. HE WASN'T GOING TO MAKE IT.
"FORTUNATELY, THAT DAY HE DIDN'T HAVE TO."
PA?
YOU'RE RIGHT, CLARK. THIS SHIP PRETTY MUCH FLIES ITSELF.

"SO THAT'S PRETTY MUCH IT, MARTHA. CLARK SAVED TRILLIONS OF PEOPLE.


"AND AFTER THEY ALL GOT WORN OUT FROM THANKING HIM.


"WE HEADED BACK HOME


"AND WE TALKED. LIKE FATHERS AND SONS DO
"I ALLOWED AS TO HOW I MIGHT HAVE BEEN WRONG ABOUT SOME THINGS WE'D HAD DISAGREEMENTS OVER

"I TOLD HIM I WAS PROUD OF HIM. FOR STANDING UP TO ME, AS MUCH AS FOR ALL THE GOOD HE'S DONE.

"WE ARGUED ABOUT SPORTS FOR AWHILE.

"AND THE TRIP WAS OVER.
"HE CAUGHT SOME FISH, GAVE ME ALL THE LITTLE ONES..."
AND DROPPED ME OFF HERE, WITH YOU NONE THE WISER.
THE MORAL OF THE STORY? OUR SON AIN'T TO BE UNDERESTIMATED. NO MATTER WHAT THE ODDS.
WHAT'S THAT FOR?
FOR LYING TO ME WHEN I NEED IT.

WHAT ABOUT THE DISHES?
WASH THEM IN THE MORNING. IF THERE IS ONE.
KIDDING.
"AS LONG AS CLARK'S IN THE FIGHT, HE'LL FIND A WAY TO SAVE US..."
YOU'RE RIGHT, JON...
END

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It's quiet here. And that can only mean one thing: **Dan DiDio's** not in his office. But **Jann J'ones** is threatening to run another DC Nation page about her pet Super-Llama that she's shearing and knitting into a life-size Bat-Wife. No more! Not while I have a pass key and access to DiDio's email account! (The password is killnightwing.) Took me three tries.)

Hi there. I'm **Bob Wayne,** DC's VP - Sales, here with this week's installment of DC Nation. My office is just a few feet away from Dan DiDio's here on the sixth floor at the beautiful DC Comics Building, in the area known by the folks up on the seventh floor as the "Axis of Evil."

I'd like to take this opportunity to respond to some of your many kind emails and letters.

Thanks for asking. No, I'm not related to Batman. We just work for the same company.

No, it's not true. I did not take the microphone away from my colleague Dan DiDio at the New York Comic-Con's DC Nation panel. I took the microphone away from Dan at the DC Universe panel. The panel where **Greg Rucka** had an intriguing idea for which character should cease to exist in the DC Universe. C'mon, folks, accuracy counts!

No, I don't have a cave under my house. That's a basement. Nothing else to see here. Move along.

WonderCon? No, I won't discuss the "incident" at the DC Nation panel at WonderCon. (How was I to know there were that many Captain Canot fans in the Bay Area, and that one of them was actually named Al Parka?)

Yes, my house is named Stately Wayne Manor™ and yes, I'll soon be back in talks with DC's Legal Department after this sees print.

No, I wasn't even at Wizard World Los Angeles, much less on a DC Nation panel. No, thanks for asking, but I really, really don't care if you think you saw pictures on the Internet. I wasn't there. (Sorry – my mother may see this!)

No, it was not nepotism. I did not get this job because I'm "Bruce Wayne's cousin."

How did I get my job? I co-wrote a DCU title! That's it. That's the secret. You think I'm kidding? Ask **Jimmy Palmiotti**. We know a guy who co-wrote a DCU title, and now he's the…

Gotta go. I hear Dan coming down the hall. Just hit "send" and this goes to the bullpen. I so doubt this is

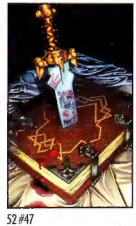
To Be Continued…

DC NATION

For a complete list of this week's titles, sneak peeks, breaking news and more, visit us at dccomics.com

Next in…
ACTION COMICS #848
Superman takes on a destructive being whose power comes from a source you must see to believe!

THE HOT LIST THIS WEEK



52 #47

CATWOMAN #65

GREEN LANTERN #18

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This one's for you, my friend

"Say not in grief 'he is no more' but live in thankfulness that he was"
—Hebrew proverb

In Memory Of Our Dear Friend

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